



3 1761 03596 8874

# OLD MONTREAL

















# OLD MONTREAL

Dedicated to the Right Honorable Lord  
Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., in mem-  
ory of much kindness received, and of his con-  
nection with the Old North-Westerns.







JOHN CLARKE

Chief Factor in the Service of the Honourable Hudson Bay Company.

From Oil Portrait presented by John Jacob Astor to him for his father, Simon Clarke,  
after his return to New York from his first expedition of exploration.

HC  
C5967nz

# OLD MONTREAL

JOHN CLARKE:

HIS ADVENTURES, FRIENDS AND FAMILY

BY HIS DAUGHTER  
ADÈLE CLARKE  
OF WESTMOUNT

264349  
—  
5. 2. 32

---

MONTREAL :  
THE HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY

1906





## CONTENTS

---

Preface	- - - - -	i
---------	-----------	---

### CHAPTER I

Life Story of John Clarke	- - - - -	9
---------------------------	-----------	---

### CHAPTER II

The Old Home at Cote St. Antoine (Westmount)	- - -	15
--	-------	----

### CHAPTER III

My Mother's Recollections of Switzerland—Mont Blanc	-	20
---	---	----

### CHAPTER IV

My Mother's Recollections of Canada—A Five Hundred Mile Tramp—Beaver—White Fish Lake—Lesser Slave Lake—A Camp Adventure—Fort William	- - - -	25
--	---------	----

### CHAPTER V

Old Montreal—The Old Tandem Club—The Historic Chateau de Ramezay—The Capitulation Cottage—Bishop's College—Sir William Henry Don—Windsor Street and Dominion Square— The Whist Parties of Long Ago—A Sugaring-off Party	-	31
--	---	----

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

---

John Clarke; from the Oil Portrait presented to his father <sup>1</sup> by John Jacob Astor       -       -       -       -       -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Old House at Cote St. Antoine, Residence of Simon and John Clarke       -       -       -       -       -	<i>opp. page</i> 15
Mrs. John Clarke, when young,       -       -       -	<i>opp. page</i> 20
John Jacob Astor and John Clarke; from a Sketch in Oils, <i>opp. page</i>	28
Capitulation Cottage,       -       -       -       -	<i>opp. page</i> 36



## PREFACE

---

The ensuing monograph will be found of considerable interest to those who take pleasure in reading of the early fur traders or of the past three generations of Montrealers. To them the name of Clarke will be familiar. Washington Irving refers to John Clarke in "Astoria," where he connects him with the story of the famous Silver Cup, and attaches some blame to him for a certain alleged imprudence of disposition in treating with Indians. But it must be remembered that Irving wrote without personal knowledge, and the material in possession of Mr. Clarke's family vindicates him completely. He seems to have been a very energetic, courageous and capable leader.

While the French Government possessed Canada, it maintained a large control over the fur trade of the Great Lakes and the West. The *Compagnie des Indes Occidentales*, having its headquarters in the Chateau de Ramezay, and the surrounding buildings, was the great fur organization of the latter years of the French régime. The British Hudson's Bay Company confined itself to the regions within reach of its posts on and about the Bay. But no sooner had the dominion of France passed than independent fur-traders from the British Colonies began to establish themselves in the former French headquarters, Montreal, and to push their interests along the lines of French endeavor by way of the Great Lakes and the plains beyond. These British traders had previously exploited, principally, the Iroquois and Ohio country. The headquarters of those who came here had mostly been at Albany and Schenectady, and some of them had already had considerable dealings with the French traders. One of the very first to take advantage of the conquest of Canada was Alexander Henry, the elder, who came to Montreal with General Amherst in 1760, and immediately obtained the permission of General Gage, the first British Governor of Montreal, to take up this very work. It was he who initiated John Jacob Astor into the trade, as the latter initiated John Clarke. Although Henry was of English extraction, the causes which so early directed Highland regiments and Highland Loyalists from Northern New York into Canada soon gave the trade a distinctly Highland character, and that strong race pushed its commerce to the most daring limits. Simon Fraser crossed the Rockies to

the Pacific; Alexander Mackenzie discovered and explored the vast river which bears his name; wealth poured into Montreal, and in 1783, the leaders, Frobisher, Simon McTavish, Mackenzie, and others, united in the powerful partnership known as the North-West Company, which pushed the Hudson's Bay Company hard, and finally settled the rivalry by combining with it. Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, was their central meeting-place with the chief factors of their posts; Lachine was the principal storing-place for their furs; but the princes of the Company had their homes and offices in Montreal, then a small walled town,—and their country-seats all around it on the slopes of Mount Royal. Alexander Henry and his nephew, Bethune, lived in the substantial stone house, now somewhat altered and known as 14 St. Urbain street, then out of the city. Frobisher built Beaver Hall, a long wooden cottage, where the Unitarian Church stands on Beaver Hall Hill. James McGill had his country seat, "Burnside," on what became McGill College Avenue, at the present site of the synagogue; Simon McTavish, the wealthiest, built his great mansion, "the Haunted House," high up, where the Matthew Gault property stands, at the head of McTavish street; on Simpson street was Sir Alexander Mackenzie's place; and so on. Among the most distant were the Hallowell and the Clarke properties, in what is now Westmount, the magnificent residential suburb. The business places of the trade were chiefly in the group of old houses and warehouses in and about St. Gabriel, Ste. Therese and Vaudreuil streets.

In Westmount the old Clarke House, surrounded by beautiful trees, was long known to all as a relic of many associations. It has been demolished, but the Clarke family is respected as the oldest of the founders of the English-speaking community. Nor is this respect confined to Westmount; it is shown as well by all who know their Old Montreal. Veneration, indeed, is due to Mrs. John Clarke; for she has attained the age of one hundred and four years, bright, clear-minded, and full of reminiscences of her youth and of the interesting past of Montreal life and society. In the present little book her daughter, Miss Adele, offers a few gleanings from that past, which will, no doubt, be accepted by her many friends in the spirit in which they are written.

W. D. L.

Montreal, October, 1906.



# OLD MONTREAL

## CHAPTER. I.

### LIFE STORY OF JOHN CLARKE.

The following account has been written by another hand, from particulars furnished by me:—

**P**ERHAPS fewer interesting stories could be told than that connected with the family of Clarke, who formerly owned all the land from, at least, as far down as St. Catherine street, to Cote des Neiges, over the Little Mountain. Upon the slope of that mountain at no distant date could be seen the Clarke burying-ground, which was consecrated in the time of Missionary Mountain, afterward Bishop. Four of the family are still living on Clarke Avenue;—the widow of John Clarke, at the advanced age of over one hundred years, and three of his children, two daughters and one son.

Synonymous with the name of John Clarke are the days of fur-trading in the early years of the nineteenth century. The marvellous romances woven about the names of Frobisher, Donald Smith (afterward Lord Strathcona), John George McTavish, McDougall, Stuart, Mackenzie, Selkirk (Lord), Dease, McDonell, and the many others of the fur-trading companies, is woven also about the story of Clarke, who was for many years Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

He was born in the year 1781 of Simon and Ann Waldorf Clarke, in the frame house, standing until recently at the corner of Clarke Avenue and Cote St. Antoine Road. This house was built by his father, Simon Clarke, and at the time it was destroyed was probably one hundred and fifty years old. He was one of a large family, and at the age of eighteen left home for the Northwest, to join those who were opening up and exploring the country, for the purpose of establishing fur-trading stations. Bryce, in his early history of the Hudson's Bay Company, p. 388, gives the following account of an exploit of his, when he was about nineteen years of age: "Northward the course of the fur-traders' empire has continually made its way. Leaving Great Slave Lake four years before the close of the eighteenth century, along the course of Alexander Mackenzie's earlier exploration, Duncan Livingstone, a North-West Company



trader, built the first fort on the river, eighty miles north of the lake. Three years later, the trader, his three French-Canadian voyageurs, and Indian interpreter, were basely killed by the Eskimos on the lower Mackenzie River. A year or two afterwards a party of fur-traders under John Clarke, started on an expedition of exploration and retaliation down the river, but again the fury of the Eskimos was aroused. In truth, had it not been for a storm of fair wind which favored them, the traders would not have escaped with their lives."

By this it was evident that he was even then unconsciously preparing himself for the task that was to be his, of joining in one of the most romantic and interesting expeditions and projects of that period.

Before the year 1805 that part of the country west of the Rocky Mountains was, practically, unknown territory. In that year, however, two Americans, Lewis and Clark, were sent out by the American Government to explore the Missouri, and, if possible, find the source of the Mississippi. The story of that expedition is well known. They did not discover the source of the Mississippi, nor was it discovered until later, but they penetrated into the new western country of the Rocky Mountain regions. There existed, at the time, an "American Fur Company," which was dependent to a considerable extent upon its trade and friendship with the Canadian North-West Company. John Jacob Astor, when the maps and charts of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and their reports, were known, conceived the idea of forming an "Astor Fur Company," and of sending out parties to establish trading stations up the Missouri River, across the Rockies to the Columbia River on the Pacific Coast. This plan he proceeded to carry out, and on the eighth of September, 1810, sent out his first ship, the "Tonquin." Many Canadian voyageurs, young men looking for adventure, and some of the North-West Company, who risked themselves in Astor's Pacific enterprise, helped to make up this first party, which was in charge of such men as McKay, McDougall and David and Robert Stuart. The story of their arduous journey, and of the subsequent founding of Astoria, are fully described in Irving's "History of Astoria."

There were, naturally, in connection with this enterprise, many difficulties and discouragements, as a result of which Mr. Astor sent forth a second expedition, with a ship named the "Beaver," on the tenth of October, 1811. Mr. Astor's partner in this second expedition was Mr. John Clarke, who at this time must have been about twenty-nine years of age. Irving in this account says: "Mr. John Clarke, the partner, who took the lead in the present expedition, was a native of the United States, though he had passed much of his life in the Northwest, having been employed in the fur trade since the age of sixteen." Irving is

mistaken in saying that Clarke was a "native of the United States." Bryce, in his exhaustive history of the Hudson's Bay Company, states that Irving's "Astoria" cannot be depended upon as strictly historical and reliable. In this statement, at least, Irving was wrong, for Mr. John Clarke, the partner of John Jacob Astor in his second expedition to Astoria, was born in the part of Montreal now called Westmount. Some relationship is said to have existed between Mr. Astor and the mother of Mr. Clarke, who was a German, and whose maiden name of Waldorf was the same as the name of Mr. Astor's birthplace. The Clarke family have in their possession an oil painting of Mr. John Clarke, presented to him by Mr. Astor on his return from the expedition.

[This portrait is the one reproduced in the Frontispiece of this book.]

Upon Mr. Clarke's arrival at Astoria three expeditions were set on foot into the interior of the country, under Stuart, Mackenzie and Clarke. Irving's account of Clarke's expedition is as follows: "Mr. Clarke conducted his little band up Lewis River to the mouth of a small stream coming in from the north, to which the Canadian gave the name of Pavion. Here he found a village or encampment of forty huts or tents, covered with mats and inhabited by Nez Percés, or Pierced-Nose Indians, as they are called by the traders; but Chipunnish, as they are called by themselves. . . . A life of this unsettled and precarious kind is apt to render men selfish, and such Mr. Clarke found the inhabitants of this village, who were deficient in the usual hospitality of the Indians. . . . It was the plan of Mr. Clarke to lay up his boats here and proceed by land to his place of destination, which was among the Spokane tribe of Indians, about a hundred and fifty miles distant. He accordingly endeavored to purchase horses for the journey, but in this he had to contend with the sordid disposition of these people. They asked high prices for their horses, and were so difficult to deal with, that Mr. Clarke was detained seven days among them, before he could procure a sufficient number. During that time he was annoyed by repeated pilferings, for which he could get no redress. The chief promised to recover the stolen articles, but failed to do so, alleging that the thieves belonged to a distant tribe, and had made off with their booty. With this excuse Mr. Clarke was fain to content himself, though he laid up in his heart a bitter grudge against the whole pierced-nose race, which it will be found he took occasion subsequently to gratify in a signal manner. (Mr. Clarke had one of the race hung, upon his return to them.)

"Having made arrangements for his departure, Mr. Clarke laid up his barge and canoes in a sheltered place on the banks of a small bay, overgrown with shrubs and willows, confiding them to the care of the Nez Perce chief, who, on being promised ample compensation, engaged to have a guardian eye on them;

then mounting his steed, and putting himself at the head of his little caravan, he shook the dust off his feet as he turned his back upon this village of rogues and hard dealers. We shall not follow him minutely in his journey, which lay at times over steep and rocky hills, and among crags and precipices. At other times over vast naked and sunburnt plains, abounding with rattlesnakes, in traversing which both men and horses suffered intolerably from the heat and thirst. The place on which he fixed for a trading post was a fine point of land, at the junction of the Pointed Heart and Spokane Rivers. His establishment was intended to compete with a trading post of the North-West Company, situated at no great distance, and to rival it in the trade with the Spokane Indians, as well as with the Cootonais and Flatheads. In this neighborhood we shall leave him."

Later on Mackenzie, who had been unfortunate in his explorations, went to Clarke's post to discuss the matter with him, and hold a consultation. "While the two partners were in conference in Mr. Clarke's wigwam, an unexpected visitor came hustling in upon them. This was Mr. John George McTavish, a partner of the North-West Company, who had charge of rival trading posts established in that neighborhood. Mr. McTavish told them that war had been declared, and showed them President Madison's proclamation. He also told them an armed ship, the Isaac Todd, was to be at the mouth of the Columbia about the beginning of March, to get possession of the trade of the river."

The news discouraged Mackenzie, who returned to Astoria, and, with McDougall, who was then in charge, decided to abandon the place. They subsequently apprised Stuart and Clarke of their determination. Both of the latter were displeased, and took no notice of the resolve of the two others to abandon the undertaking. Eventually, Stuart, Mackenzie, who had brought the message, and Clarke, repaired to Astoria, where they found McDougall breaking up settlement. Trouble then seemed to come fast on the little colony. McDougall and Mackenzie influenced Clarke and Stuart to sign a formal manifesto to Mr. Astor, telling of their desire to abandon the undertaking. Subsequently Astoria was taken possession of by the British, and the colony of Americans was dispersed. Its name was then changed from Astoria to Fort George, and on April the fourth, 1813, Clarke, Mackenzie, Davis, Stuart, and the others who had not gone over to the North-West Company, started back on their return over the Rockies.

No further information as to Clarke's movements is given us in "Astoria." He is described as a "tall, good looking man, and somewhat given to pomp and circumstance, which made him an object of note in the eyes of the wondering savages." An account of his trouble with the Pierced-Nose Indians is also given:



However, in the year 1815, two years after the vacating of Astoria, so keen had become the competition between the Canadian North-West and Hudson's Bay companies that the North-West had moved Fort Chipwyman, on Lake Athabasca, to a more favorable situation for trading on the Mackenzie River, to which move the Hudson's Bay Company retaliated. On page 384 of Bryce's History is the following account: "The fierceness of the struggle for the fur trade may be seen in the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company (1815) with vigor took up a site on an island in front of Fort Chipwyman, and built Fort Wedderburn, at no greater distance than a single mile, and though it was not their first appearance on the lake, yet they threw themselves in considerable force into the contest, numbering under John Clarke, afterward Chief Factor, ten clerks, a hundred men and fourteen large canoes, loaded with supplies. Many misfortunes befell the new venture of the Company. A writer of the time says: 'No less than fifteen men, one woman and several children perished by starvation.' They built four trading posts on Peace River and elsewhere in the autumn, but not one of them was able to weather out the following winter. All were obliged to come to terms with their opponents to save the party from utter destruction. That year the Athabasca trade of the North-West Company was 400 packs, against only five in all secured by the Hudson's Bay Co."

By this it is evident that John Clarke followed the lead of the others and returned to the Canadian Northwest, this time to enter the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which he remained for the rest of his life. In 1818, three years afterward, according to Bryce, "the old company (Hudson's Bay) with British pluck, appeared on this lake (Athabasca), having nineteen loaded canoes. Trader Clarke was now accompanied by the doughty leader, Colin Robertson." The "old" company, or Hudson's Bay, received its charter in 1669 or 1670, in the time of Charles the Second. In 1783-84 the North-West Company was formed by Frobisher and McTavish, and in 1795 the X. Y. Co., which was an offshoot of the North-West Company. John Clarke was in the service of the "old" company.

It was probably some time previous to 1815 that John Clarke married his first wife, Sapphira Spence, a half-breed. She had lived in the Northwest, and was the daughter of a man in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Eventually Mr. Clarke brought her to his father's home, where she lived until her death. The first grave made in the little consecrated family burying-ground on the slope of the Mountain was for the first wife of John Clarke. There were no children by this marriage.

In 1820 or 1821, at the age of about forty, he married his second wife, who, as mentioned above, is still living. She was born in Neufchatel, Switzerland,

and it was in Switzerland that John Clarke first saw her. She was a Miss Trauclar, and was only seventeen or eighteen years of age at her marriage.

By his second wife he had eight children—Simon, born at Fort Pelly, Rupert's Land, in 1824; William, born at Lake Winnipeg, in 1826; Caroline, born at Fort Pelly, in 1827; Priscilla, born at Fort Pelly, in 1830; Adele Priscilla Cecilia, born at Mingan, Labrador; William Tidy; John, born in 1837; and Louise Waldorf. Of these, four died in infancy or childhood, Simon, William, Caroline and Priscilla. John died at the age of sixty-two, and William Tidy in 1906. The remaining two Adele Priscilla Cecilia and Louise Waldorf, are still living.

For a number of years Mr. John Clarke lived in Beaver Lodge, St. Catherine's (now known as Outremont), near Montreal. He died in 1852, at the age of seventy-one years.

His widow, who has survived him fifty-four years, during many of the years of her early married life travelled with her husband in his arduous and difficult journeys. Seventy years ago she was in Labrador with him, and his work in connection with the Labrador fisheries in the way of charts, etc., is said to have been invaluable. It is unique to meet any one who describes Labrador as it was seventy years ago, and when we think that a woman braved its rigorous climate, and now, over one hundred years of age, can recall clearly the adventures and incidents of her experiences, it is indeed worthy of note. Her reminiscences, for her memory is marvellously clear, are most interesting. The old days of Montreal and the rich fur-traders have become historic, yet she can remember them as if yesterday. She is said to have received the first Bible presented by a missionary in the Northwest. It is a very old book and printed in the French language. She travelled at one time in the same canoe as Capt. Franklin, the northern explorer, and tells interesting anecdotes in regard to him. She lived in the Northwest when only trading posts marked the different routes.

In the possession of the family are the letters and diary of Mr. John Clarke. Interesting indeed would it be to read his own story of his explorations, both in the Astoria expedition, and while in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Far different is the aspect of the country to-day.









OLD CLARKE MANSION

Corner of Clarke Avenue and Sherbrooke St., Westmount.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OLD HOUSE AT COTE ST. ANTOINE (WESTMOUNT).

The old house shown in the illustration stood for one hundred and fifty years at what is now the corner of Cote St. Antoine Road and Clarke Avenue, and was a familiar landmark to past generations of Montrealers.

This quaint old house sat in a delightful rambling garden, with a great cherry orchard on the slope behind for a background, and was renowned for the hospitality of its owner and of its inmates. The orchard in season was a mass of lovely white blossoms. Often on summer evenings, an old lady, in a high-backed chair, sat under the wide-spreading trees, intent on knitting, while her husband opposite busied himself reading to her. The couple were Mr. Simon Clarke and his wife, formerly Miss Waldorf, born at Neuchatel in Switzerland. What would they think of their once beautiful home if they could see it now? The flower-garden in front is now a sward; the house is torn down; and on the slope of the Mountain, the site of the orchard is replaced by Montrose Avenue and surrounding streets and private grounds.

From that happy home their eldest son, the late John Clarke, started at the age of eighteen, fresh from college, to pay a visit to John Jacob Astor, then a resident of New York. His father and mother, to their great surprise, received a letter from John, informing them that he had an offer from Mr. Astor, which he would accept if they would give their consent.

"I wish you could see," the letter reads, "what perfect confidence Mr. Astor has in me. He is sure it would be successful. I am to start at once at his own expense, outfitted with one hundred men and four cannon, and myself the commander. I am no longer your little boy 'Johnny,' but a great, big man, and I hope to come back and see you all again."

Having received the consent of his parents, he started off on this very serious undertaking for one so young; and, within the year, led the first party of white men across the Rocky Mountains.

The story of John Clarke's early life and adventures has been traced by an abler pen than mine. In his interesting work, "Astoria," Washington Irving has drawn a picture of the life-work of those pioneers of civilization who first put into execution the daring feat of traversing America from ocean to ocean.

After my father's first expedition, he returned to New York and reported to Mr. Astor, who received him with great warmth and feted him; he could not do enough for the "young man from the North." He had a portrait taken of his youthful friend; also one which he sent as a present to my grandfather; he also presented him with a diamond brooch, two diamond studs, and a cane studded with jewels.

The accompanying illustration is a copy of the original portrait now in our possession.

Mr. Astor desired to retain him in the service and made him a very tempting offer of a partnership in the company, which he did not immediately accept, desiring to visit his home in Cote St. Antoine, before making any definite engagement. He then took his departure from New York and arrived in Montreal just in time to attend the marriage of his two sisters in the old house. One was married to Major Rainford, and the other to Captain Johnson, by the Rev. Mr. Mountain, afterwards Bishop Mountain. Major Rainford was aide-de-camp to Lord Selkirk, and Capt. Johnson was aide-de-camp to the Governor of Lower Canada. The latter was of the family of Sir John Johnson, the second Baronet, son of the famous Colonial General, Sir William Johnson.

Having been presented to Lord Selkirk, who was not unaware of the services Mr. Clarke had rendered the American Fur Co., His Lordship, who was setting out to found the Red River Settlement, exclaimed: "You are just the man we want, and we cannot spare you. Tell Mr. Astor you cannot return to him because we claim you,—you belong to us." My father could not refuse; but it was with the greatest reluctance that he returned to inform Mr. Astor, who was much disappointed at the decision he arrived at, to leave the service of the American Company. He assured him, however, of his continued friendship, and gave him a letter in which he says if ever my father wanted a friend he would be a friend to him. The late Mr. Robert McKay, afterwards Judge McKay, who knew all about the old Norwesters, his father having been of their number, found this very letter, which was written on pink paper, among my father's papers just after he died. In handing it to me, Mr. McKay said: "Take care of this letter." We have consequently preserved it carefully.

My father having returned to his home at Cote St. Antoine, now Westmount, to spend a few weeks with his parents, received an appointment in the service of the Hudson's Bay Co., as Chief Factor, and left for the Northwest, taking with him the charter of the company, and his seal of office, bearing the effigy of King Charles II. Three clerks and ten Canadian voyageurs accompanied him. The names of the three clerks were Messrs. Alex. Robertson, McLaren and Girard. He also took along an Indian interpreter, named Gont.



After many days in the wilds, the expedition reached Fort William, where they were heartily received. It was the post where Chief Factors assembled to make their plans. The Chief Factors whom he met at the post were the Honorable Donald McTavish, Sir James Keith, Messrs. Archibald Macdonald, Dease, McAllister, and Allan Macdonell. All these gentlemen, with one exception, were from the land of the heather. Mr. Dease was a son of Erin.

During the long deliberations which preceded the selection of the different routes, which the parties were severally to follow, the experience which my father had gained in his former expedition over the Rocky Mountains, enabled him to suggest a course that would lead directly to the point from which the different parties could separate on their way to their respective posts. The suggestion was unanimously adopted, and the name of Clarke's Crossing was given to the point so chosen. It is now a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 170 miles north of Regina.

All the romantic adventures encountered in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company are not told with the narratives of the results of its exploitations. The old Fur Kings, "the Lords of the North," whose adventures form part of the history of the Great West, have passed away, and with them the memory of most of their deeds, but here and there appear, scattered through the great lonely stretches of country, a few footprints showing where they have passed.

Sir James Keith started with his men to the post already established by him, with goods and ammunition. He proceeded three hundred miles up a river and established another post. My father conducted his little band up the Lewis River to the mouth of a small stream running in from the north, which the voyageurs named the Pavion. At this point an encampment of forty tents was established. This was in the country of the Nez-Perce Indians, who lived by fishing and digging roots in the summer, and hunting deer on snowshoes in winter. From this encampment, having established friendly intercourse with the Indians, the party set out for "the lower fort,"—one of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts.

"It was growing dusk when I reached the lower fort," said my father, in an account he gave of this expedition. "My canoe-men stood ready at the hour at which I was to have joined them, but as I had not arrived on time, they began to think something had befallen me. After a hasty supper and a farewell to my kindly host of the lower fort, I rejoined my crew and stepped into the frail canoe of painted bark, which stood restive on the edge of the racing tide. My canoe-men gave expression to their satisfaction at my safe return by one of those

shouts so characteristic of the Canadian voyageurs. Then, raising their paddles high in the air for the first dip, they gave a parting call, and like an arrow the canoe shot out into the current, the crew singing gaily:

Ou irons-nous,—  
La ridondaine !  
Ce soir couché ?  
La ridondé !

CHORUS :

*Ou irons-nous ce soir couché ?  
Ou irons-nous ce soir couché ?*

A la maison—  
La ridondaine !  
Accoutumée,—  
La ridondé !

CHORUS :—

*A la maison accoutumée  
A la maison accoutumée*

Et nous aurons—  
La ridondaine !  
De quoi souper—  
La ridondé !

CHORUS :—

*Et nous aurons de quoi souper  
Et nous aurons de quoi souper.*

Le lendemain—  
La ridondaine !  
A déjeuner,—  
La ridondé !

CHORUS :—

*Le lendemain à déjeuner  
Le lendemain à déjeuner.*

"It is at the portages that the Canadian voyageur exhibits his most valuable qualities, carrying heavy burdens on land and water, over rocks and precipices, not only without complaining, but, on the contrary, with the greatest cheerfulness and alacrity, joking and laughing, and singing scraps of old French ditties,—faint and distant echoes of Brittany and Normandy.

"When the day light fades away and darkness steals over the landscape, the voyageurs encamp for the night, and so at the foot of a high bank on the river-side, where the party pitched their tents, we shall leave them for the present."

My father lived almost all his early years in the North, as did the gentlemen already mentioned, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. I may say he gave all his days to the service; and I have often listened when a very young girl with the greatest delight to the thrilling narratives of his voyages among the red men.

After passing a few years in the Territories, my father married Miss Spence, his first wife. She was a daughter of Mr. Spence, in the Company's service. Miss Spence had received her education in Scotland, and had returned with her father to York Factory, where my father first met her. After a few years of married life, he brought her to his home in Cote St. Antoine, where she was received by the old people as their own daughter. Her lovely disposition and dignified demeanor endeared her to all the family and made her a general favorite. Unfortunately, she was in a rapid decline, and despite all that medical skill could do, it was only a few months until she was borne to her last resting-place. She was the first who was buried in the family burying-ground on the slope of the Mountain, at the top of what is now Clarke Avenue, then called Clarke's Mountain

Park. Every Sunday in the summer-time Mr. Simon Clark, my grandfather, used to go and sit there. She had often expressed a wish to be buried under an old tree at this spot, which commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, and my grandfather had promised that she would have her wish. It was from this incident that the spot became the burial place of the Clarke family. The Reverend Mr. Mountain, who always made my grandfather's house his home, happened to be in Montreal at the time, and suggested that the ground should be consecrated, which was done immediately.

After her death, my father remained in Montreal until his two years' leave of absence had almost expired. Before returning to the Northwest, as he was well aware he would have to remain there for a long term of years, he thought he would see the world before returning to the wilderness, especially as he had received an invitation from the late Hon. William Astor, then ambassador to France, to visit Paris. He carried out this intention; the trip had the effect of restoring his spirits, and he told his friends, on his return, that he had enjoyed himself very much. Mr. Astor introduced him at the Court of Napoleon, and he had the honor of dancing a minuet with one of the Empress Josephine's Maids of Honor. Napoleon, who was known to have a piquant remark for everybody, said of my father that he was "Le beau Canadien du Nord."





### CHAPTER III.

#### MY MOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SWITZERLAND.

Before returning to Canada my father, naturally wishing to see something more of the continent, went from Paris to Switzerland. There he met my mother. It was while strolling through the vineyards of Herr Schleidlau, at Neuchatel, that he first saw a little maid, who proved to be the daughter of the house. She had just entered womanhood, but the free, careless grace and simplicity of her girlish manner captivated him, and her slender yet rounded form was the embodiment of that lithesome grace, which is characteristic of perfect health.

My mother's recollections of her home in Neuchatel is that it stood in a park where fruits and trees abounded, and where flower beds came suddenly into view in most unexpected places, as one passed over the grounds—and such flowers—roses and carnations double the size of ours. The carriage drives were so well contrived that a stranger received the impression that the place was much larger than it was in reality. Glimpses of the mountains in the distance came into view here and there through the groves of stately elms and pine trees. The charming situation and genial climate of Neuchatel, with a sky only less blue than that of Italy, make it an attractive place for strangers, who come here every summer in pursuit of health and recreation. In the enjoyment of its pure air and exquisite scenery, many tourists make a prolonged stay, visiting the surrounding villages, and the many beautiful spots on the shores of the lake, including the famous rocky hill Cret, where at evening the view of Mont Blanc and the Alps afford a grand prospect.

My mother remembers the passing through Neuchatel of the King of Prussia, afterward Emperor William I. of Germany. He was then twenty-four years of age, and the number of Sunday-school children, who sang in chorus before him, was also twenty-four. They had been chosen among those of twelve years of age, who had the best voices. The solo part was sung by my mother, who can still remember the air, though the words of the cantique are now forgotten with the exception of a few lines. The children were all dressed in white, and wore black and red sashes, the national colors of Switzerland. The King's chariot, drawn by eight white horses, was laden with flowers. As the children's choir pleased him he smiled, and his smile was his charm. It was at the entrance of



MRS. JOHN CLARKE  
When young.





the church that the Sunday-school children received him. His Majesty stepped out of his state coach with his plumed hat in his hand, and walked up the stairs, which were strewn with flowers. When he came before the little choir he stopped until the music ended. Then he took the hand of my mother, and in a few graceful words in French, acknowledged the compliment.

*"Grand Dieu, de tous les biens, on vient vous offrir de la voix et du coeur."*

In a lovely spot, which is best seen from the height called Cret, where Madame Schaffley had a charming country villa, the villa of my mother's god-mother, and where she always spent her holidays, swarms of bees gathered an abundant harvest from the flowers. The honeycombs when taken from the hives, were of a beautiful color and so prettily dry that they could be carried about in the hand. The house was on the mountain side, and here my mother's little friends from Neuchatel would seek her, and all the little girls would amuse themselves for hours rolling down the grassy slopes of the mountain side. The sport was exhilarating, and the little people were soon out of breath, and could only laugh a little after they had caught their breaths. There was a very nice little boy, all dressed in velvet, who would gladly have taken part in these amusements, but the little girls chased him away. When he refused to go, they would pull his velvet cap with gold tassel off his head, and throw it down the cliff; and if he still refused to go some of the party went to the villa to fetch a little piece of bacon, at the very sight of which he ran away, because he was a follower of Moses. He generally left singing, "*J'ai perdue ma cocarde.*" The name of this little boy was Moise Vaux, who may be in Switzerland to this day. My mother loves to talk of her happy home and school days, and her delightful visits to Schaffhausen on the north side of the Rhine, where her father and mother always spent a month or two in each year. She remembers her boating on the Rhine; the lake of William Tell; Lake Constance, and the Gothic church on the Baden side, and many of the old castles which stand on the hills.

My mother remembers the name of the school she attended; it was kept by the Rev. Mr. Neuman, assisted by Miss Neuman. Among the scholars were many young ladies belonging to English, French and German families, who came to receive tuition in the modern languages—French, Italian, German. Their home was situated in beautiful grounds with lawns for all sorts of out-door games. It was an ideal place of residence and the pupils enjoyed all the privileges of the pleasure ground, with its broad walks, and games, and of the garden stocked with fruit and bushes.

Among the recollections of the early days of my mother in Switzerland, one of all others appears to have made a lasting impression. It was the reading of

a love romance with a happy ending, and it is always with pleasure that she repeats the story, which is as follows:—

### MONT BLANC.

“Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star,

On thy bold, awful front, O Sovereign Blanc!”—(Lord Byron.)

“Basil, my boy, there is one thing dead certain. We are in for an experience this time. I have been lost in an Indian jungle, caught in a desert sand-storm, but all that fades into insignificance compared with being trapped in a fierce snow-storm half way up the side of Mont Blanc. Basil, old chap! suppose you wind that Switzer horn again? Give another toot and see whether we can discover someone on the trail, which we have probably lost!”

The speaker was Lord Brandenstein, and the off-hand manner in which he addressed the guide, was characteristic of the hardy traveller, who had undertaken the ascent of the mountain, attended by a single guide, and at a time when the early closing of the season added immensely to the difficulty and danger of the enterprise.

The visitor and his guide had reached a dangerous crevasse, when suddenly the splendid panorama disappeared from the sight;—blotted out completely in an instant by a snow-storm, which for its fierceness surpassed any the guide had seen before.

Other visitors were on the mountain, for glimpses of them had been obtained from time to time. All trace of them, however, was now lost. In this situation it became necessary that they should retrace their steps and seek a temporary refuge from the storm. But how to proceed was the difficulty, as there was no trail, and the guide frankly admitted they were lost.

It was at this juncture that the Baron addressed the guide in the words with which the story opens. He promptly responded by raising his hand to his mouth and sending forth from a powerful pair of lungs that musical Tyrolese call, which can only be properly warbled by an Alpine dweller. Through the storm it rang, for in these mountains the air is highly susceptible to a vibratory motion, and the guide listened attentively to discover if any response came. For if by good fortune there chanced to be a Switzer within hearing he knew the signal of distress would be answered. But after repeating the call the guide only frowned. The only sound audible was the rustling of the wind among the rocks and snow drifts.

The Baron then asked the guide if he had not seen through the glass that there were ladies in the party following them, and Basil answered that he had seen two.

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Baron.

"We must push on, Monsieur," said the guide.

"To remain is death!" soliloquized the Baron, and clinging to such protections as presented themselves he swung his body from rock to rock, and kept a tight grip on his Alpine staff with its pointed steel.

The Swiss guide raised his benumbed hands, and again that Tyrolese call sounded, musical, in spite of the blizzard. Mocking voices they hear.

"Hello, where are you?"

"This way, I am too chilled to reach you," comes the reply, very near at hand; and, electrified, the tourist bounds over some rocks forming a sort of shelter from the blizzard, to find himself face to face with his fate.

"It is a woman!" he ejaculates, at the sight that greets his eyes,—a tall, girlish figure trying to rise.

The tourist marks on the instant what a strangely beautiful face it is. She totters while endeavoring to stand, and the Baron, equal to the emergency, swings his other arm about her.

"Pardon, Miss, this is no time for etiquette, and you'll allow me,"—nor did he wait for a reply.

"We must make a last effort for the lady's sake," he cried to the guide. "Lead on! if you save us it is 500 livres in your pocket,—the path, man!—find us the path that leads to the Monastery."

Spurred on by the hope of making a small fortune, as well as saving his own life, the Alpine guide again moves on.

"On! battle on! we must find the trail!"

Hope, that anchor to the soul, has become almost dead within them, when suddenly he hears a shout ahead. It comes from the guide.

"The path is here!" he shouts,—"thank heaven, if we can hold out ten minutes longer, Master, we are saved. I hear voices about; it is the ladies' party descending; in a minute they are here. Yes, we are saved!"

And then the Baron realizes the heavy weight on his arm. The unknown lady has swooned. The guide's words are true, for the voices draw nearer, and in hardly more than a minute a party of persons appear through the blinding snow, hurrying downwards, the Swiss guides leading and keeping a bright lookout, for there is always extreme danger of losing the trail at a time like this. By the time they resume the descent, each step taking them nearer to the Hospice of St. Bernard, the Baron notes that the remaining lady of the party is



one who has acted as chaperon to the younger lady. She is almost exhausted, so that two of the guides have to carry her, when before them rise the walls of that Monastery which, for so many long years, has been the blessing of travellers and of lost Alpine guides, where a warm welcome awaits them from the monks whose lives are devoted to this work. There are a number of other tourists present who have also been overtaken by the storm on Mont Blanc. Glad, indeed, are all to find shelter from the storm; the ladies appear, looking none the worse for their adventure.

Miss Drew now cried out, "To you, I am indebted for my life. I thank you from my heart."

"I beg that you will not mention it, Miss Drew. I, in turn, am under obligation to these holy men for shelter."

But she smiles in reply. "They can be repaid, the box at the door is open to voluntary contributions."

The Baron had intended to pursue his travels. His friends were expecting him at home. But from henceforth his country was here; he was a welcome visitor at her home, and his engagement was announced. A very lovely wedding she had, as her parents were very rich, and she was their only daughter, and the Baron belonged to a powerful and well known German family.

An interesting coincidence happened when my mother was a little girl. Her little schoolmates used to play in the cuckoo grove, and they amused themselves by asking the coo-coo how many years they would live. The cuckoo answered the little ones, and when my mother's turn came she asked in German "How many years do you give me?" The cuckoo answered in real earnest and never stopped, and the little girls said "Oh, Marian, you are going to live forever!"



## CHAPTER IV.

### MY MOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF CANADA.

Few persons have been privileged to live in the reigns of five sovereigns. My mother has done so, and still survives. She was fourteen when the late Queen Victoria was born. Before that she had seen the reigns of Kings George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth. She remembers the battle of Waterloo, and the passing of the Prussian troops through Switzerland, and the rattling of the iron shutters as they passed through Neuchatel. It took a whole week for them to pass. Later on she visited the great battlefield itself. She left Switzerland after my father had returned to Canada, and came over to Canada, accompanied by her father and mother. It took two months to cross. Her first impression after the hard trip across the sea, and the eight days which it then took to travel from Quebec to Montreal, was that they had arrived in the wilderness. They put up at old Rasco's Hotel. All that remains of that locally celebrated hostelry may still be seen on St. Paul street, opposite Bonsecours Market, a large, tall building of cut stone. The Chateau de Ramezay stood behind it. Notre Dame street was the fashionable walk for the military and the bright Canadian belles. The barracks were there. McGill street was an orchard, all green apple trees, and all Craig street was under water, making the little stream then called the Canai. It was crossed in scows, directed by long sticks, and there were also small bridges here and there. Beaver Hall Hill was in bushes and trees and the road was just like a country cart path. Going up Beaver Hall Hill, and along St. Catherine street, the site of the present Christ Church Cathedral was a swamp, and Sherbrooke street was a country road through the bush. St. Catherine street also was a country road, without houses until she reached the old Clarke home. The nearest to this was the St. Germain house, a little further on, which stood until recently. Later, she was married in Montreal, and, still accompanied by her parents, went to the Northwest with her husband, John Clarke. Her parents remained but a short time in that part of the country, and then returned to Switzerland. She first went to Fort Garry. There Sir George Simpson, the famous Chief Factor and explorer, would come, and bring his attendant, Tom Taylor, who was a good violinist, and who would play for them at their dances. One of the belles was a young Scotch girl, named

Betty Macbeth, afterward Mrs. McVicar, of the Scotch settlement. She would dance reels with Sir George Simpson. They would decorate the ball room with red flannel cloth, even arranging a red-draped barrel for the violinist, Tom Taylor, the lights being candles.

At one time the Indians came to besiege the fort. Two cannon were placed at the gate, and there was a big attack. The inhabitants were, of course, frightened. A Mrs. Goule was with Mrs. Clarke. Mr. Clarke came forward to the crowd, and said, "I am going forth to face them alone," and Goule said, "Mr. Clarke, I'll go with you," and all the rest fell on their knees, clasped their hands, and cried out for him not to go, saying that to remain in and use the cannon was the only safety. His reply was:

"Stand back, cowards, I'll go out and face them alone." So saying, he went towards the gate. Goule followed.

"Open the gates and shut them after me," he commanded.

All in the fort fell on their knees. He went out, arms stretched forth, and faced the savages. Goule carried the pipe of peace. The Indians were stunned. Their chief advanced and felt my father's ears, his face, and neck. They talked together, and afterwards they smoked the pipe of peace, and the matter was amicably settled.

Nevertheless, some of the Indians that night commenced burning the pickets. They stayed about a whole week, acting badly, but presents at last got them away. The life was strange. She used to go about the woods, accompanied by Mrs. Goule, but the Indians would never trouble them. Mrs. Goule would trap rabbits. Mrs. Clarke was but a young woman at the time. They would also make trips on their sleds. The names of the dogs which drew hers were Baptiste, Capitaine, Mistouche and Carillon. These sleds were made of birch-bark, decorated with porcupine quills. Such sleds were used by the Hudson's Bay officials. The more gorgeous they were, the prouder their owners. Thus they would travel from fort to fort.

Dress for Walking.—Moccasins or heavy-soled hob-nailed mountaineer boots, according to circumstances. If you have no stockings on, it is better than to wear stockings and sandals, because of mosquitoes. The moccasin is the best, and the Indians know better than the white man how to use them. In some matters the Indians can give us pointers.

My mother remarks that she never felt the cold in the Northwest, although she saw many parts of it. She clearly remembers Lake Winnipeg, Swan River, and Great Slave Lake. There was very little wind and the climate was dry.



She loved to be out on her snowshoes, accompanied by Mde. Goule. Scenes too numerous to recount come back to her.

At times, racing through rapids, her frail canoe tossed like a leaf between some treacherous whirlpool and the sharp rocks, but safe in the hands of the Indians. At first she passed through the experience with hair standing on end, and truly it was a sight never to be forgotten, nor did she omit to note that when the canoe came out of the rapids it quivered, as if full of feeling. On the first occasion, she thought the canoe had fallen to pieces, the shock was so great. After that, she ran all the rapids without fear, and journeyed so far in the wilds that she camped at the foot of the Rockies. On such journeyings the Indians would sing their favorite songs, all looking to see if my father would sing the first verse. When he did so, they joined in and sang with all their might. My mother greatly enjoyed their singing.

In the year 1825, Sir John Franklin, then Captain Franklin, stopped at Fort Garry, and John Clarke accompanied him on his way a short distance when he started out to make his exploration of the Mackenzie. My mother made mosquito nets for him. One day, in handing her into the canoe, he remarked, "To think, Mrs. Clarke, that you jumped from the sublime into the wilderness!" His reference was evidently to the sublimity of the Alps surrounding her home in Switzerland.

She first met Franklin at York Factory. On his leaving the Factory, there was a meeting of all the heads from the different trading posts, and lots of Indians, who called him a "Great Med'cine." Mr. Clarke travelled with him as far as he could, parting in great reluctance, as Franklin wanted to have Mr. Clarke accompany him. In parting, Franklin said: "Believe me, Clarke, I would give my hand to have you go with me, for you are brave and true." Clarke replied that he would love to go with him.

She well remembers the appearance of York Factory. Its church was a small shed, designated by a flagstaff instead of a steeple and bell. There were incidents which made her first Sunday there a sad one. Her husband always kept a room for each missionary—the Protestant and the Catholic. One of the latter was the Rev. Mr. Belanger.

### **A FIVE HUNDRED MILE TRAMP.**

One of the journeys of my father was to Reindeer Lake. It is hard to imagine the difficulties of such a journey, especially ascending the streams. My father, with his Indian guide, could pass through a few miles of running water slowly, but paddling a light canoe up stream is difficult, even for expert Indian

canoemen. A series of portages took them sixty miles around gushing rapids. Camp would be fixed at nightfall, they would wrap themselves in their blankets and next morning the tramp was resumed. Then another spell of canoeing, then another portage. When Athabasca Lake and the Reindeer River were reached, it was tramp, tramp, tramp, nearly all the way, about five hundred miles. Meanwhile beside the trail, the stream rushed with a mighty roar in cataracts among giant crag rocks buried in the foam into which the water is churned. This part of the trip took ten weeks.

### BEAVER.

The following is an account by Goule of beaver trapping:

"I started with a trap for Beaver pond, about three miles from Fort William. It was early winter, and only about six inches of snow was on the ground. When I got within a hundred yards of the pond, the snow began to look as if it had been trodden firmly down, and was covered with a coating of ice. Stumps and small bushes protruded in every direction, and were cut off close to the ground as neatly as though done with a knife. Previous to the freezing over of the pond, the beaver cut down very small brush close by, and it is dragged to the water edge when they fasten them to the bottom of the river, to serve as provisions during the winter. All birch trees, too, on the edge of the pond are cut down so as to fall into the river. They also serve as provisions. The instinct of the beaver in selecting and cutting down the trees is wonderful. It is rare to see a tree fall away from the pool instead of into it."

### WHITE FISH LAKE.

This was a Labrador post of the Hudson's Bay Company, to which she went later. It consisted of small houses made of boards, not fenced in. The one in which she and her husband lived was made very comfortable. The very pattern of the carpet comes back to her—the ground was yellow, and there were little black branches on it. There was a large fire-place, always lighted during the winter. The British flag was always flying over the Fort. The walk along the grand and mountainous coast was the fashionable walk in Labrador, if such a term might be applied. The sleds were flat, no backs, almost like a toboggan, made comfortable with red cloth cushions. My mother and dear Miss Marquis, the governess of the family, used to amuse themselves in taking lessons in Indian bead work from a squaw. We preserve a watch-pocket and bag made under this tuition by our mother, and a pincushion by Miss Marquis, as well as a sweet grass basket made by Indians of the neighborhood. The squaw lived in her







JOHN JACOB ASTOR and JOHN CLARKE

Driving near "Selby Grange," Cote St. Antoine, in 1809, from a sketch in oils by a Garrison Officer.  
The sketch is drawn on a piece of pine used for protecting packs of furs from the cords.

teepee, situated some distance from the Fort. In this was laid a supply of spruce, and in the centre a fire was kept burning. When it was fine, they would go travelling on their snowshoes, or in their sleds. Labrador on the plateau is jewelled with lakes, which glisten in the sunlight. The Indians name the land Pat-ses-che-wan. The cariboo, or reindeer, was their chief food, and also provided covers for their wigwams and clothing. In the summer, the tribes wander about the country, traversing the rivers and lakes in their birch-bark canoes; in winter, they spend their time pursuing game over the snow on snowshoes. In the good old times, among the Hudson's Bay people, the snowshoe costumes were of buckskin and white and red blankets. There was lots of fun, lots of noise, and plenty of songs in English and French. At the forts of the Company, where the staff was large, existence was very gay. The Highlands of Scotland supplied a little army of pioneers, explorers, and administrators, whose forts were spread over the vast expanse of Hudson's Bay territory, who not only held their own with the forces of the wild Indians, but pushed onward beyond the Indians themselves, into the barren Arctic, and the Rockies. All of the grand band of pioneers and empire-makers of the past are gone.

In 1838, James Keith, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. (afterwards Sir James Keith), bequeathed a sum of £12,000 to be expended for the benefit of the Indian Missions in Rupert's Land. The Reverend Mr. West was the first missionary. The next was Mr. Jones. Mr. West describes the religion of the Indians as most extraordinary, as they did not seem to have anything like a visible object of adoration. There was an impression on their minds of a divine being, the Great Spirit, whom they supposed to be too good to punish them.

Lachine was the Hudson's Bay headquarters and the place from which the voyageurs used to start for the West. Every spring they launched a fleet of canoes with seven or eight hundred voyageurs. Chief Factor Sir George Simpson's house stood where the convent now is, and the old storehouses and an ancient log dwelling of a primitive character still stand in an excellent state of preservation on the river bank there. The history of the latter was said to go back two hundred and fifty years. Sir George Simpson, who was the controlling spirit of the Northwest in his day, died in 1860, at Lachine.

### LESSER SLAVE LAKE—A CAMP ADVENTURE.

The Indian hunters, prolonging their stay late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snowstorm which blocked all the trail. My mother remembers the storm, as all was packed to leave for winter quarters. Also two of my father's clerks were with the hunters. To return to the camp, the storm having abated,

one of the party set out on snowshoes to try and find a trail. He had gone about a mile when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of buffalos. He followed the trail a short time and came up with them. He said they were in single file, led by an old one; only her head and neck were visible, the others followed, the stronger ones in front, and the weaker ones bringing up the rear. There were a great number of them in the herd, and by the time they had all walked in the same line, they left it a well-beaten trail. The hunter approached within a few yards of them; they made a few bounds, but immediately fell back. This would have been a golden opportunity for an Indian hunter, who would have shot them, but he saw in the trail made by this struggling band, a means of deliverance from a wintry grave for him and the others. He did not fire a shot and did not frighten them, but hurried back to the camp, and reported what he had seen, and in a moment the camp was all excitement. Tent, provisions, and blankets that were necessary were packed upon their pack animals, rifles were slung to the saddle, and, leaving the furs behind, they started for the trail. It was laborious work breaking away through the deep snow, but finally they reached the broad trail of the herd. After nine days' of painful travelling, they arrived at Lesser Slave Lake. The clerks reported all this to my father, who was glad that the hunters had all arrived safe, although they had left very valuable furs behind them. My mother thinks the furs were not lost, as they were afterwards recovered. All then started for winter quarters.

## FORT WILLIAM.

### Its Parliamentary Hall and Banqueting Room.

To behold the North-West Company in all its state and grandeur, it was necessary to witness an annual meeting at Fort William, near what is called the grand portage on Lake Superior. Sir George and Lady Simpson were staying at Fort William; also my father and mother. My mother remembers being present at one of these meetings. All the Northwesters from their different posts found their way to the old Hudson's Bay trading post of Fort William.



## CHAPTER V.

### OLD MONTREAL.

The descriptions given by my mother of Old Montreal are very curious compared with the present immense city and its elaborate life. The whole town was then contained in what is now the lower part of the city, bounded by the area of the old French walls—that is to say, McGill street, Craig street, Place Viger Station and the river. At the Place Viger end was the hill called “The Citadel,” removed by Lord Dalhousie to make Dalhousie Square. There also were the principal barracks of the garrison. But where what are now the leading streets were orchards and fields. The gentlemen were gentlemen of the old school. Everything about the city was clean—even the streets. There was then no thought of such things as steamships or trains. All the people knew each other.

Until recent years what remained of the first steamer—its cabin—was used as a summer-house on Mr. Aird’s property, at Outremont.

The only way to get to Quebec, before this steamer, was by ships and batteaux. The first steamer was considered a miracle when it accomplished the journey in three days.

Phillips’ Square was then a small square with a number of little trees—they have now grown very large.

Christ Church Cathedral was then on Notre Dame street, but was also entered by a lane from Little St. James. It was a very handsome building. My grandfather owned one of the first pews, and after his death bequeathed it to my father and mother, who very seldom missed a Sunday.

Speaking of the Cathedral brings back many happy and sad recollections of long ago. My mother always drove to Little St. James street, and entered by the side door leading up by a long covered alley to a door that led into the church. My mother remembers the holy and beautiful picture, representing “The Lord’s Supper.” It was on the wall over the communion table. When the church was burned, it was saved, and now is hung up in the present Christ Church Cathedral. She remembers the very solemn sight when Judge Reid was carried into the church on a stretcher, to take his sacrament, by his own request. He was partly paralyzed, and no hope of his recovery was entertained.

The first Rector was the Very Rev. Dean Bethune. His father had been an army chaplain of a Scotch Highland family, and had been interested in the building of old St. Gabriel Church, erected in 1792, and recently destroyed.

My mother remembers an incident of the Bonsecours Market, related to her by an eye-witness. It was a wager between Major Culley and one of the prominent lawyers, Mr. Francis Johnson, afterwards Sir Francis, that they would make all the market women yawn. Rasco's Hotel was opposite, and many onlookers were looking and they won the bet, by making every one unconsciously yawn, through the use of some ingenious device of theirs.

On a Saturday morning at Bonsecours Market the scene of French provincial life, of the country habitants, with their cart and homespun clothing and patois, was most attractive. The district around the Market and Jacques Cartier Square is the oldest in the city. In a house to the east lived the Honorable James McGill, the founder of McGill University. He lived afterward, in 1802, at Burnside Manor, now McGill College Avenue. The cottage was situated where McGill College Avenue Synagogue now stands. My mother remembers the old house. In the old times the whist parties met there. He entertained the ladies of Montreal in good style. The old songs sung at such gatherings were interesting in character to all lovers of history, and are still popular with our own habitants, and were favorites with the French and British Colonial grandes dames.

### THE OLD TANDEM CLUB.

The harness horse was a great favorite in the past, and is so still, but the Saturday parades, both here and in Quebec, have gone out of fashion.

The old Tandem Club did a great deal to keep up an interest in fine horses and turn-outs. Their parades used to be worth seeing, and visitors from Europe often said that nothing finer than some of these winter processions could be seen over there. For some years Montreal has not seen many of the old Tandem drives. The Club assembled at Dalhousie Square. When ready to start, the bugle sounded. You may think how many members there were when, while the president was turning around the French Square, Place d'Armes, the vice-president was at the Guard House, standing a little east of the Court House. They proceeded, with the bugle sounding, until out of the city. How we all looked forward to this weekly event! Sir Hugh Dalrymple was President. He was stationed at Laprairie, and would only drive one horse, a perfect beauty, and attached to the front of the sleigh an owl, and a very large one with wings, and every time we come to the coo-hoo, crossing over to Laprairie, the cahots were very deep, and the General would imitate the screech of the owl, and the owl

would spread its wings and clap them. It would be a general laugh. He always gave a grand lunch. The house was facing where the steamboat used to stop. The sleighs were got up with many furs and strappings, and the pace delightful, and even in the keenest weather we suffered little from the cold, and the chimes of the different bells was music. It made you happy to hear all the different bells.

To illustrate a phase of manners in old Montreal, some anecdotes will suffice. On one occasion, Mrs. De S——, Miss G——, and Miss D——, well known ladies of gay spirits, dressed themselves up as "habitant" women, carrying their baskets of fowls and eggs, and walked to the officers' quarters in the barracks on Dalhousie Square. The officers were surprised to see these "habitant" women come in there to sell things. The two women walked along through the officers, nudging them with big baskets, and urging, "You buy, you buy." The officers at last saw that there was something wrong, and the girls made for the door, making their way along Notre Dame and down St. Lambert Hill to a boarding house at the corner where the present Street Railway office now is, and got safely away to enjoy their adventure.

In the old Leprohon corner house on Beaver Hall Hill, just removed, lived Captain and Mrs. Sweeney (née Miss Temple, an American). He was one of the Voltigeurs, and she afterwards became Lady Rose, her second husband being Sir John Rose, Bart. One night when they were at dinner, the servant came in and handed Capt. Sweeney a note. On reading it, he immediately jumped up from the table and left the room. The contents of the note had enraged him against Major Ward, in some connection with the name of Mrs. Sweeney. Capt. Sweeney sent a note to Major Ward, who was a very popular officer, challenging him to a duel to be fought on Lachine Road on the old race course. In the duel Major Ward was killed. Major Ward was so great a favorite, that his death caused general sorrow, and Mrs. Sweeney left for New York. Capt. Sweeney soon died of the shock, and Mrs. Sweeney later became Lady Rose.

Mother recalls one picnic given in the winter time, about twenty-four miles from Montreal, at Grace Hall, Mascouche. The seigneur of Mascouche, Mr. Pangman, sent traineaux to fetch the guests. These traineaux, which are intended only to carry wood, are capital rustic conveyances for a jolly crowd. They will hold an almost unlimited number. There are no seats, all being obliged to stand and hold on as best they can. They much enjoyed the drive, dined with Mr. Pangman, and came home late that night. All the nice French families were represented at such gatherings.

Among the well-known residents in those days were the Bingham family. The residence of the Bingham was on the corner of St. Denis Hill and Notre



Dame street, afterwards Donegani's Hotel. Mr. Bingham was a very wealthy Englishman. He married one of the three Miss De Lotbinières, of Vaudreuil, a very lovely French girl, who came there a bride, and while in Montreal gave a great many entertainments. A few years after, they settled in Paris. My mother remembers her first ball after coming from the Northwest. It was at the Bingham's. She remembers how Mrs. Bingham was dressed. It was a black velvet, with a white satin front, and white satin shoes, and white plume in her hair. My mother and Mrs. Bingham were considered the loveliest women in the ball-room. They were graceful, and danced the minuet beautifully. The Bingham's sold their residence, and it was turned into the hostelry named the Donegani Hotel. The Americans always put up there. The dining-room was at the back. There were three immense doors open on the ground floor. My mother, speaking of the event, says the hotel was often crowded with Americans. On one occasion, when the dining room was well filled with guests, Lord Mark Kerr, an eccentric officer, thought it was time to create a little excitement. He rode his horse straight into the dining room and round the table. The guests sat in their chairs stunned. The manager rushed in, but the scene was over. Lord Mark Kerr was waiting for him outside, and the manager exclaimed:—"Oh, my Lord, this will ruin me!"

"How much will the damages be? Will that do?" handing him a cheque for a hundred dollars.

The manager returned smiling, and explained to the guests, when they all thought it very funny. They took out their note-books and wrote it down, calling him Lord Mad Kerr, instead of Lord Mark Kerr, and then wrote him invitations to come to New York.

A famous old place, the Theatre Royal, Coté street, at the time, was the leading place of amusement in Montreal. Under the management of Mrs. Buckland, the cream of Montreal society found the Royal the chief place of amusement, and my mother speaks of the pleasant evenings spent there, and the friends that belonged to her party. When I told her that they were all gone, she thought a little while, and then she said, "And I am the only one left." She remembers the benefit given to Mrs. Hill, assisted by Mrs. Buckland and Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, of the 23rd Regiment, playing "High Life Below Stairs." The waiter was Colonel Bell and the lady's maid was Mrs. Hill.

The next was "Ici on Parle Francais." The play was a ball on the stage. They danced a polka. The names of the officers were:—The Earl of Erroll, Lord Lascelles, Lord Melgund, and the Hon. Arthur Egerton, Mrs. Buckland, Mrs. Hill, and Miss Hill, and many others. The farce was when the little door

opened facing the audience. Two figures appeared. The first was dressed as a waiter, in a blue suit with brass buttons, and the small woman, the lady's maid, with a white short skirt and apron. They spoke together for a minute, and then the waiter put out his right foot, and the lady's maid her left foot, and went dancing the polka, one with the right foot and one with the left foot. They were greeted with hearty laughter. It was done in real earnest.

### THE HISTORIC CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.

We have no choicer memento of the past than the Chateau. We spent the winter months in St. Louis street. The fashionable quarter then included St. Denis street, and Dalhousie Square, Notre Dame street, up Little St. Antoine street, to Richmond Square. My first visit to the Chateau was when I was in my teens. The Countess of Erroll called to give me a drive. To my surprise, she drove straight to the Chateau, into the one gate, and out of the other, and through the gate up to the Hall door. Lord Elgin was there, surrounded by his staff. The first out was the Earl of Erroll, exclaiming:—"Oh, Lila, Lila, what a feat with those spirited horses. Don't attempt that again!" She only laughed, and shook her curls. She was a splendid whip. I remember the bonnet she wore. It was maroon velvet lined with satin, and I remember my own bonnet. It was gray beaver, trimmed with pink ribbon. We were invited in. I remember the room on the left side. I think there was a grate opposite the door. Lord Elgin was standing with his back to it. He came forward to meet us, with a smile for each of us, making a pretty little remark about sunshine coming. I remember the names of his staff that were there. There were General Bruce, his brother. He was a very great favorite with everybody, and Lord Mark Kerr, the Earl of Erroll, Hon. Arthur Gowen Egerton, and the Hon. Mr. Lascelles. The Governor's private residence was Monklands, at present Villa Maria. I was a great favorite of the Elgins. I was always invited to all their receptions, balls, and evenings given by their Excellencies. At Monklands, the Countess of Elgin was exceedingly pleasant and also Mrs. Bruce and her sister, Lady Lambton. I remember one reception at Monklands, when Lord Mark Kerr walked to the door with my mother and myself. He put his arm across the door and kept us there. I turned around to look at Lady Elgin and the rest of them, and they were smiling. As luck would have it, a large party arrived at the door. He had to let them in, although on duty. He walked to the hall door and ran back to his post. He was exceedingly nice, and a great favorite. He was very eccentric. One of his feats was to ride with his back to his horse's head, with an immense umbrella when there was no sun, and the villagers of Cote des Neiges thought a circus had

arrived, and that he was an advertisement. He had a crowd after him, to his great delight.

### THE CAPITULATION COTTAGE.

The sketch of this house is a precious souvenir of an historic landmark of world-wide interest now removed; for here was signed the surrender of the French Empire in America to the British. In September, 1760, General Amherst had occupied the heights commanding Montreal and tradition alleges that his headquarters were in the old stone cottage, the ruined walls of which stood till a very few years ago when the Montreal Water Co. reservoir was built.

Tradition also states that the British Army was encamped principally upon and about the farm of the Gentlemen of the Seminary. The city of Montreal was then contained within its walls about three miles away and had about three thousand of an ordinary population, but also a considerable remnant of the French Army.

Mr. John Clarke often spoke of this little cottage and said that that little house was the General's headquarters, and that the spot where the reservoir now stands was once an Indian camping place.

Nearby, upon the height of Westmount Mountain, stands the old octagonal tower, called "Trafalgar Tower."

It was built by a Mr. Turniss, who had served in the navy at the Battle of Trafalgar. It was said to be haunted.

The toll-gate keeper, an old man named Quinn, living nearby, told me of what he himself saw.

One night his cows had strayed away from the toll-gate across the fields in the direction of the Tower, and he went to look for them. There was beautiful moonlight, and although he had heard about the haunted summer-house from several people he thought it was a joke and had no fear.

He said "I had just found my cow at the foot of the haunted summer-house, when a strange feeling came over me. I looked up at the summer-house and saw, with my two eyes, a beautiful form of a woman looking out of one of the windows. I was transfixed to the spot and could not take my eyes off the vision. She was in white with her hands clasped, as if in prayer, looking upwards.

"I remember falling down on my knees and crossing myself, and I remember nothing more."

This story should be compared with the legend of Trafalgar given in the publication called "Canadiana."





**"CAPITULATION COTTAGE"**

At head of Cote des Neiges Hill. (The Reservoir now occupies its site.) Tradition asserts that the capitulation of Montreal in 1760 was signed here, the heights being occupied by Gen. Amherst's army. Sketch by Miss LOUISE CLARKE. See Note.



There are many other legends about Westmount which might be recited—one is that the Academy grounds were the site of an Indian camping-place under a large and venerable tree which formerly stood there.

Another is of an Indian well on the Murray farm, just below the Boulevard. Several relate to buried treasure on the Murray and Hurtubise farms. Another records that the first of the St. Germaines was killed in the Glen, now in Westmount Park, by Iroquois.

Until recently there stood an old beech tree, in the lower Glen, where St. Catherine street now runs, on which Indians had cut, centuries ago, the figure of a man, and apparently an arrow.

The prehistoric Indian cemetery, discovered a few years ago, about the head of Aberdeen avenue, may also be included.

A strange tradition is that of one of the girls of the Dubuc family being passed through fire, on the Murray farm, to cure her of sorcery, her mind being deranged.

An old cottage also still exists just behind Westmount Golf Links, which Indians sacked, murdering some of the family, after which one of the brothers, judging that they would return, placed gunpowder under the hearth-stone, and the family withdrew to a distance, the Indians returned as expected, lit a fire, the explosion took place, and a bloody revenge was accomplished. Probably the high authority upon all such legends is the talented author of "The Lord of Lano-raie," Richard Griffin Starke, Esq., of Westmount.

### BISHOP'S COLLEGE.

Bishop Mountain requested Mrs. Clarke to accept a copy of the "Songs of the Wilderness," the book of poems composed by his Lordship in the Northwest, when he accompanied Mr. Clarke in his canoe on the lakes and rapids. He left the book for her with the Reverend Armine Nicols, his son-in-law, Principal of the Lennoxville College. This circumstance recalls the early Anglican missionaries of the Northwest. The Reverend Mr. West was the first to enter the Northwest. The trip from England to Winnipeg in 1827, when he arrived, took five months. In 1838, James Keith, afterwards Sir James Keith, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company service, bequeathed the sum of £12,000 for the benefit of the Indian Mission in Rupert's Land. Sir James Keith and my father were great friends, and many daring deeds were done by them in the Northwest, and when my father retired from the Hudson's Bay Company, and settled in Beaver Lodge, St. Catherine's, now Outremont, it was not long before his dear



friend found him out, to the great delight of my father. My mother, in speaking of them, often said that my father could not rest as the time drew near for his arrival, he was so agitated, and kept looking at his watch, and when he stepped out of the carriage they clasped hands in silence, and tears ran down those two brave pioneers' cheeks. Sir James Keith remained three months. How happy a time they had! There was then an Indian reservation at the Lake of Two Mountains. My father and his friend had forty tents put up in his large orchard and invited the chiefs and Indians of the Reservation to come down for a week. They paid all the expenses, and gave them presents when they went away. It was a novel sight. Perfect order was kept. The squaws worked at their bead work, and made good sales. They went away with plenty of money, for good Sir James Keith was lavish with his fortune, and loved to do good work. At night they had lighted lanterns on the trees and crowds of people came out of town to visit the encampment. Beaver Lodge was open to their friends during that week, and all enjoyed themselves. When saying "Au Revoir" to my mother, one of these friends, Col. Ermatinger, expressed their sentiments when he said: "How can I thank you for the hospitality and pleasure we have received here this week at Beaver Lodge."

The old hill on St. Lawrence street, above Sherbrooke, the old Molson House, just behind their garden, a long cottage painted white, with a garden of flowers in front, are pictures in my memory. We lived there some time. How happy I was! I have many pleasant recollections of the dear old cottage. One of them was: My father was always up at five o'clock in the morning, and one morning, to his great surprise as he opened the front door to look around, he saw some one whom he recognized as Captain Foster of the 77th Regiment, afterwards Sir Oriel Foster, digging my little garden up. My father quietly closed the door, and watched. Proceeding, at the end of an hour, he took a package of seeds from his pocket. My father walked out quietly and joined him. He had written his name in full in planted seeds. It was a sight when in bloom. My poor father was in the secret and promised to keep a good look out for him, and had a little wire fence to protect the plants, as Captain Foster was a great favorite of his. The formation of the letters with the seeds was really artistic, and was the admiration of everyone. He said it was a custom in Ireland and was considered a very great compliment.

Another little incident was his meeting my father carrying a Bible and prayer-book that he had just bought. He took possession of them and carried them to the cottage; he gave the Bible back to my father and gave me the

prayer-book, and asked me to give it to him. He always wrote a verse out of it to his mother.

In the Chateau de Ramezay may be seen a picture of an old wind-mill and row of poplars on St. Lawrence Street above Sherbrooke, now disappeared. They were not far from our place. Almost opposite the next house to ours was the Cuvillier's, and next was Stanley Bagg's. The thought of the old wind-mill brings many pleasant recollections of my girlhood. In those days we played games and many a romp we had around that old wind-mill. When we were tired playing we used to pay a visit to two old fortune tellers who lived in the field. My mother said they were harmless, and they were allowed to live there.

Among the many anecdotes of Lawyer Johnson, who was afterwards Chief Justice Sir Francis Johnson, I remember several. In the time of the horse-cars I happened to be on board with some other friends who all knew him. We were not surprised to hear him say in a quiet, very significant way, when the conductor went around for his fare, "She's got my seat!" We looked around to see who had his seat, and to our amazement, we saw a woman who occupied three seats. She was immense. The conductor looked at her with a broad grin on his face, and of course we joined in. In getting out at Union Avenue Mr. Johnson put his fare into the box, saying again: "She's got my seat," with a very serious face, and then looking up and taking off his hat to us, he smiled and went off happy.

My mother remembers a picnic in the winter time to Varennes given by Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Rose, and Mrs. McKenzie, and my mother. They lived in little St. James Street—the old places are still there. These ladies were chaperons to the young ladies, and my mother often speaks of those pretty young girls. They all assembled at Mrs. Johnson's. My mother came in from Beaver Lodge in her own sleigh. As she alighted at the Johnson door, Lawyer Johnson came out and met her, and my mother said to him, "N'allez-vous pas piqueniquer?" Looking at my mother very seriously he replied, "Pas si bête," and walked off in the direction of the Court House. They were all assembled up stairs in the drawing room, when my mother told them what he had said. Mr. Ramsay, afterwards Judge Ramsay, said quietly to Mr. Rose, "Thank God!"

The large sleighs were ready at the door only waiting for the bugle to sound. The Colonel of the 71st and the officers belonging to the regiment led the way down the river to Varennes. The large sleighs were occupied by the chaperons and the ladies, it was a very cold day, and they were glad when the bugle sounded to announce the arrival at Varennes. A habitant house had been secured for the picnic and the door opened in the front room. To our astonishment the first one to receive us was Mr. Johnson. Instead of going

to the Court House, he had had a sleigh already prepared to get there in time to receive us. The large old-fashioned stove was in the middle of the room, on the side another room with a large old table standing near the window. Johnson and Ramsay and Dalrymple carried the old table into the middle of the room, and then they took a good view of it, and came to the conclusion that they would wash it. Then they opened the boxes laden with good things, and the ladies put on the cloth and laid the table. Mr. Johnson made the tea and coffee, and they said it was delicious, and my mother said it was really very good, for it was the only beverage there. The daughter of the house waited on the table, Then the fun began, the poor girl didn't know a word of English, and the military men could not speak a word of French. Mr. Johnson took all in and told the girl to bring the wrong things, causing mistakes all the time. At last one of the gentlemen got up to help the girl, and told her what was wanted, but she looked very angry at him, and looked for instructions to Mr. Johnson, who kept telling her the wrong things in French. Mr. Ramsay kept crying out, "Stop, Johnson, stop! don't you see the poor girl is really very angry!" Mrs. Johnson made it all right by giving her a bill when they left. After their dinner and the things were removed they danced the good old dances, such as reels and cotillions and Sir Roger de Coverley. The young ladies belonged to the old French families, and were refined and gay and full of fun.

#### SIR WILLIAM HENRY DON.

He was a Baronet of Nova Scotia, but at the same time followed the vocation of an actor, and with the Heron sisters sang throughout Canada. I had the pleasure of meeting them at General Davenport's. Mrs. Davenport, who was Sir Allan McNab's eldest daughter, engaged the company to give a concert in her house, and invited a large party to meet them. The drawing room was turned into a concert hall. They had a raised platform with a piano on it. They sang very nicely. After the concert all the guests were introduced to Sir William Henry Don and the three Heron sisters. The Davenports lived on Dorchester Street in the house lately occupied by the Samaritan Hospital.

The late Sydney Bellingham was one of the best known of the residents of Montreal around 1837. He resided for many years on his property at St. Catherine's, now Outremont, just opposite our orchard at Beaver Lodge. My mother remembers a little path from his home to ours that was used by Mr. and Mrs. Bellingham, and my mother and father, for seldom a day passed without their seeing each other. He served during the Rebellion of 1837 and carried despatches of great importance from Lord Colborne to Col. De Salaberry. He was a brave and daring rider. He left Fort Beaver Lodge on his spirited



horse, had to change horses in town, and swam across the river, when it was considered very unsafe. They never thought to see him again, but he arrived safely and delivered the despatches. His old house is still on the slopes of the mountain at Outremont, and owned by nuns. My mother and father saw him from their window, as he dashed down the avenue and out of sight. He returned after a few years from Canada to Ireland, and after his brother's death inherited a title, becoming Sir Sydney Bellingham, of Bellingham Castle, and died about eight years ago. A dear old friend told me some time ago, in speaking of the old times and merry sayings of Sir Sydney Bellingham, that he had been visiting at the castle, and asked Sir Sydney what present he would like from the old home he loved so well. His answer was: "Don't forget to bring me some old Canadian tobacco!"

This reminiscence recalls other scenes of the Rebellion. Sir John Colborne, the Governor-General, sat in Council, and my father's home, Beaver Lodge, was turned into a fort. At one time two immense cases, containing 150 rifles, were sent, and Colonel De Salaberry, my uncle, Lieutenant Clarke, Captains Sweeney and Holmes, officers of the Royal Voltigeurs, distributed rifles, and guard was made extending to where the C. P. R. railroad now runs near St. Laurent village, on my father's estate. The powder magazine was built on the hill. It was guarded by my father's employees, and a certain John Donohue was then sergeant. After the rebellion was over a grand ball, or banquet, was given in Rasco's Hotel, by the regulars then here, and officers of the Voltigeurs. It was a brilliant sight; the Governor-General opening the ball, dancing with my mother. It was then the best hotel in the city. A gloomier scene soon followed, for the cholera broke out, the pestilence spreading and sending people to despair. John Boston, Sheriff of Montreal, and family, sought shelter from my father's foreman, Henry Borden, who was in charge of the Beaver Lodge property. The supplication of Mr. Boston, as he was known to be a friend of Mr. Clarke's, threw open the doors of Beaver Lodge. At the same time people from the city begged for Henry Borden to open the barns and granaries for the immigrants who had escaped the cholera. The great barn was built where the C. P. R. now runs, near St. Laurent village. The barn and granaries were large and Henry took it upon himself to offer them shelter. My father was in Mingan, on the Labrador Coast, at the time, accompanied by his wife, her nurse, Eliza Borden, and Miss Marquis, the governess to the family, one son and one daughter.

## WINDSOR STREET AND DOMINION SQUARE.

My father lived in the old Manor House, situated between the Canadian Pacific Station and St. Antoine street. The front gate faced Monsieur Dufort's residence, now occupied by the Italian Immigration. The Jewish burying-ground, surrounded by high walls, was on the left hand side, and the Roman Catholic burying-ground was on the right hand side. What is now Palace street, was a lane that led to the Catholic burying-ground. In the middle was a small white rustic chapel where Sir John Macdonald's monument now stands.

Our home stood in the midst of two gardens. The front garden reached down to St. Antoine street, and extended a good way upwards. The upper gardens with three walks reached to where the Canadian Pacific now is. The names of the garden walks, the centre was Broadway, and the two side ones Lovers' Walk, and Meditation Walk, and named by Miss M——, who once lived in the old Manor House. The property was owned by her father. A romance connected with the place is as follows:

It happened when the Voltigeurs and the regulars were stationed in Montreal. The lady's (Miss M.) marriage was to have taken place to a major who had been on a visit to his people in England and was on his way out. All the invitations were out and her beautiful trousseau ready for her marriage. The day that was fixed for the wedding came, but that night they received news of the loss of the ship and all on board.

It was a sad ending with such a bright beginning. She entered the convent and was dead to the world. This happened many, many years ago, and my mother remembers it all the better, as she was a friend of the sweet girl, and intimately acquainted with the family. Years passed, and my mother and father had almost forgotten the sad affair, when one evening a closed carriage drove up to the old gate; a nun got out of the vehicle and helped a lady with a black hood on out. My father went forward to receive them, and not knowing who they were, only thinking that a mistake had been made. To my father's great surprise the lady with the black silk hood, put out her two hands. "Don't you know me of long ago, Mr. Clarke? Take me up to my oaken chest. I want to look at my trousseau." The nun told my father that she wandered at times, and they thought it right to let her have her wish. The nun and my mother followed up. It was a very sad sight; they could not help crying to see her taking out her wedding dress, a veil, and the old wreaths of orange blossoms, and a manuscript that she had composed when she was a young girl in that very house, and she handed it to my father.

In happier hours, my pleasure of the day  
Was to roam with the thoughtless and dance with the gay;  
But now in affliction, how changed is the view,  
Though good hearts are many, sincere ones are few.  
But now in my sorrow you faithfully came,  
Though I am older, I find you the same.

This happened in old Montreal long, long ago. The corner of St. Antoine street was occupied by Mrs. Colin Russell, who owned the house. It was considered a very nice dwelling. Opposite our garden, on St. Antoine street, were two old houses, which are still there; Reverend Jacob Campbell, military chaplain lived in one; and the next house was that of Commissary-General Ray.

Of our neighbors, Sir Charles Gore and Lady Gore, and two daughters and sons (James was A.D.C. to his father), never missed a morning church service. Sunday was a day of rest for their servants and horses. Everything was cooked Saturday and an early dinner was the order of the day. They lived at that time on Richmond Square, in a corner house, with galleries at the side. The band played once a week in the Square. Richmond Square was a very fashionable place in those days. On the opposite side of the street lived the Lindsays, Selbys, Menzies, Davenports, Torrances, Antrobuses. At the corner house of St. Antoine and Guy, the Countess of Errol, Gen. Gore's daughter, lived in Bruno's Terrace, still standing, second house on the left hand side. We lived in the corner house for the winter months. You can imagine how we enjoyed ourselves, for the Gores were a delightful family. Something was always going on. Driving, riding, snowshoeing, dancing, and games. At the corner of Guy street, the Hon. Dominick Daly boarded.

#### THE WHIST PARTIES OF LONG AGO.

Whist parties meeting at different houses were held once a week. There were twelve in the club. A very amusing incident happened to a lady at one of the whist tables. When Mrs. S. was putting down her cards, Colonel Tidy walked up, and said: "I think there is a fire in the vicinity of your house, Mrs. S." Her answer, "Oh, no! I don't think so," smiling, to the surprise of all present, "this, I think, is the leading card, that makes two points for you." Mr. Taylor said: "Really, Mrs. S., your house is on fire." To this she cried: "What is the trump?" She then got up reluctantly.

The next time the club met was at Mr. McGill's. When they were all seated, Mr. Taylor thought he would remind them of their last meeting, and called out: "What is the trump?" All looked at Mrs. S., and all had a hearty laugh, in which she joined.



The house now occupied by the Montreal Street Railway, on the corner of Craig street and St. Lambert Hill, was the entrance to Miss Felton's school. Young ladies from Quebec and all parts came there. This school was renowned for its high standard of education. She had a staff of teachers, dancing class once a week, the rule full dress. Miss Aspinell was a teacher. My mother said she was much amused to see the girls start off with "Speed the Plough," and the polka, the girls with their arms folded across leading, and the boys following in the same manner.

Miss Aspinell was a very good teacher. She was a perfect dancer. The brothers of the school girls were allowed to join the class. Many pranks were played by Miss Felton's young girls of the school. They were very pretty, and Miss Felton was very old, and kept a very watchful eye on them when out walking.

But, alas! one day she was sitting in her window, facing St. Lambert Hill, when to her surprise she saw two young lawyers standing in front of the window, but they did not see her, as they were looking up, when down came a cord with a note attached to the end, and grasped by one of them. She called at them, "Gentlemen, I am surprised and indignant at this behavior. Hand that to me." Taking off their hats, they said: "Miss Felton, what a mistake you have made," and instantly disappeared. Miss Felton went upstairs, and found all her pupils in their places studying their lessons. The young lady who sent down the note married this lawyer after she left Miss Felton's school, and afterwards they were the leading singers in our church choir, and became very noted figures among the very best society people.

New Year was a delightful custom and was adopted by almost everyone who visited on that day. New Year Day visiting commenced early in the morning, and continued till late in the evening. For three days persons had often 400 visits to make. It was rather trying being on duty during those three days from morning until night. This custom had a very good effect, meaning a kindly feeling. Some old buildings of Montreal, old houses, and relics of the past, are still existing and ought not to be hastily put aside.

Let us look back and see our grandfathers and grandmothers of long ago. My mother remembers the time when Lord Elgin was Governor here. His residence was Monklands. It was New Year's Day. General Bruce, Lord Mark Kerr, Hon. Arthur Egerton, the Earl of Erroll. They had one hour of duty off, and they came to wish us a Happy New Year, standing up, taking a cup

of coffee. "What delicious coffee, Madam Clarke, and wishing you a Happy New Year, again and again, with au revoir," and off they went, and they got home five minutes before the hour was up.

Sixty years ago the evening parties of Montreal were very fashionable. They commenced at an early hour, and the fathers and mothers as well as the young ones and all entered with zest into the amusement of the evening. The old ladies and gentlemen danced as much as the young people, and their dancing was regarded with ease, and the manners were unaffected and dignified and characteristic of well bred people. The dances were slow and stately. Even the waltz was in slow time. But in the cotillion, Sir Roger de Coverley was danced with great spirit. After supper the guests left, and it being very cold in winter the ladies put on their hoods and cloaks, and the gentlemen put on their coats and fur caps.

My mother speaks of this still and often tells us how happy they all looked. Some drove home, and others proceeded home with lanterns lighted.

### A SUGARING-OFF PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. D. concluded to have a sugaring-off party at Lennoxville. The invitations were sent out. At a sugaring-off party in the country the sap is boiled to the consistency of molasses, and then to sugar. If the fire is too hot, the sugar is useless. Just before the syrup is hard enough for sugar, it is an old custom to invite one's friends to the sugaring-off. Old and young, they came by the light of the moon to the sugar camp. Mr. Jasper W. and friend were there, and a dozen of young ladies came in for their attention. Mr. D. and son acted as masters of ceremony.

It was a frosty night, and the hard snow-crust cracked every now and then like the report of a pistol, and the dry bush crackled, too, under the kettle, while the firelight gleamed over the lovely young, eager faces of the party, and brought them out in strong relief against the pines and the splendid maples, with their drooping branches.

At last all was ready, and Tom and his father lifted the big kettle from the fire, and dexterously poured its amber contents on the snow. There was a general rush toward the centre of attraction, and Mr. W., not to be thought so green as he might be, leaned over the seething syrup, with a long spoon in his hand and dipped for the first sample of lusciousness, and cried, "Sweets to the Sweet," striking an attitude and presenting the spoon gracefully to Miss F., who advanced smilingly to take it. But it was a little slippery where he stood, and before he realized that he was going, the elegant young man measured his length

on his back in the syrup, which cooled instantly, and when he rose to his feet the sugar stuck to his back, and trailed a yard on the snow behind him. A shout rose from the young people, and Mr. W., obeying the first impulse of mortified pride, set out down the hill at a high canter, with the congealed syrup flying behind him, doing his best to get out of sight and eclipse all previous records of swiftness. J

His wild flight, and the excited cries of the sugaring-off party, roused Betsy, the twenty-five-year-old horse of Captain Hackett, from a nap which she was taking behind the fence, where she had been left with the sleigh and the extra wraps of the company, and Betsy, having been in her time, a noted animal on the turf, thought she had got the word to go, so the old mare and Jasper W. went it, neck and neck down the hill, both of them too excited to know that the river lay in their tracks. When they did notice, they were too near to it to turn back. When they got in, the others had a great deal of trouble in fishing them out, both the worse for their cold bath. The sugaring-off was a failure, but all had many a hearty laugh after it. After the old coachman had rubbed his horse down, he said, "Tell you what, Master, I guess that 'ere young chap won. Won't be likely to fish through the ice again right away. Drat him, he come pretty near drowning our Betsy."

A picnic given by the officers stationed on St. Helen's Island. Among the invited guests were:—Sir Charles Gore and Lady, the Earl and Countess of Erroll, Sir and Lady Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, and Miss McNab (afterwards married to Lord Berry). The Countess of Erroll drove there and back.

We had lunch in the barracks upstairs, a long narrow room, with three windows facing the centre of the Island. Lord Mark Kerr made the coffee, and, in handing it around, called out "Soup." After we were shown all over the place, we put on our snowshoes for a tramp over the Island. Lord Mark Kerr leading with his toboggan. When some one made the remark, "I think that toboggan is out for one of Lord Mark Kerr's pranks," some one called out, "We're not going to toboggan to-day." We were a short distance from the little burying-ground, where we made a stop to rest and look around. During the time his Lordship disappeared without our notice, when we heard one of the party, "Oh, Look, look! look!" and there was Lord Mark waving his hand to us and getting ready to start. I can assure you we did not like it.

We covered our eyes, and all of us exclaimed. However, he got down safely, running on his snowshoes to join us, and laughing at our long faces. We tramped around the Island, and after more refreshment, returned home.



With the departure of the Garrison, the character of Montreal society life entirely changed. The people about whom I have written the foregoing imperfect snatches of reminiscence have been replaced by another society which has gradually developed itself, but on totally different lines, not united as in the old days, but broken into numerous sets, who scarcely meet each other, and occupied with thoughts and avocations quite dissimilar.

















HC  
C5967mz

264549

Author Clarke, Adèle

Title Old Montreal: John Clark.

**University of Toronto  
Library**

**DO NOT  
REMOVE  
THE  
CARD  
FROM  
THIS  
POCKET**

Acme Library Card Pocket  
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File"  
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU



